An Account of the *Life* and *Character* of of Sir *Chomley Deering*, Bar. and Knight of the Shire for the County of *Kent* in the preſent Parliament; who was Unfortunately Shot in a Duel on *Wedneſday* Morning the 9th of *May*, by his own Friend and Kinſman, Col. *Thornhill*. With the true Relation of their falling out, and the manner of their Fighting; as alſo the Expreſſions of Sorrow that paſs'd between them afterwards. Together with a new *ELEGY* on his Death.

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An Account of the *Life* and *Character* of *Chomley Deering*, Baronet, *&c.*

THE following Relation is a Melancholly Inſtance of the ſad Effects of Wine and Paſſion, which was ſo predominant, that on the ſlighteſt Occaſion it produc'd an irreconcileable Quarrel between Two of the moſt intimate Friends; who having not leiſure to cool, ran violently into a Courſe they were ſure both of them to repent, upon the leaſt Nature Conſideration.

Their intimacy was ſo great, that they were ſeldom aſunder, either in Town or Country, and the Friendſhip they profeſs'd for one another, was hardly equal'd; yet having Drank to an immoderate Pitch, it turn'd all this Stream of Kindneſs into Fury and Diſlike: They were of a ſudded become the moſt violent Enemies in Nature, breathing nothing but the Death and Diſtraction of each other; and as ſoon as they had ſatisfied a wretched Paſſion of Rage and Revenge, their Eyes and Senſes were then

in a true light, and Grief and Repentance were the Fatal Conſequences thereof.

There was a Dying Man reflecting on the Raſhneſs of what he had done, how triſling and how vain had been the Diſpute that occaſion'd his Death. He had then alſo the number of his Sins to recollect, and a Dying Pardon to ask of God; beſides, in that unſpeakable Hurry and Confuſion of Mind, a Mournful and Tender Family to remember, to think of parting with his dear Children, when he had ſcarce Life to give them his Bleſſing.

The other ſtain'd with the Gailt of Murder, nay even that of his own dear Friend and conſtant Companion, his Hands imbru'd in his Blood; the dread of Heavenly Vengeance and the Laws of Man, contriving to fly, but unreſolv'd whether; and at laſt feverely touch'd with the ſence of his Condition, ready to become his own Murderer too.

But I ſhall now come to a Narrative of this raſh and unfortunate Accident, as near as can be collected from the beſt Accounts.

It ſeems there was a Club kept every Week at *Hampton-Court*, of ſeveral Gentlemen of good Account, of which was the Deceaſed Sir *Chomley Deering*, and Mr. *Thornhill*. Being at this Club on *Friday* Night laſt, they drank very hard, and in the

heighth of Wine there aroſe Diſcourſe of a certain L——, being a particular Friend of Sir *Cholmley Deering*, and to his Intereſt he ow'd a good part of his Election; ſo upon other high Words, Sir *Cholmley* was provok'd to throw a Glaſs of Wine at Mr. *Thornhill*, and afterwards to ſtrike him in the Face with a Bottle, and uſing other violences; but in the heat of Wine, having drank very hard.

Mr. *Thornhill* then left the Company, and came to Town, and reflecting on his Uſage, began to conſider that he cou'd not put it up with Honour; and therefore forgetting all former Friendſhip, reſolv'd to Challenge Sir *Chomley*, which he accordingly did, at Sword and Piſtol.

Sir *Chomley* recovering from the Fumes of Wine, and conſidering what he had done to his Friend, ſeem'd extreamly ſorry for it; and therefore propos'd an accommodation of the Matter, it being begun in Drink; and as we hear, went to Mr. *Thornhill*'s Lodgings to endeavour to prevent its coming to the laſt Extremity. But Mr. *Thornhill* ſeem'd inexorable, and would not be ſatisfied any way but by Fighting; and therefore on *Tueſday* Night laſt, ſending his utmoſt reſult to Sir *Chomley*, the next Morning at Seven

was

was appointed for the Duel, with Sword and Piſtol, and to meet in the *Park* and retire to *Turtle-fields*.

According they came there a little before Eight, and walk'd to the *Alms-Houſes* on the farther ſide of the Fields, and there under ſome Trees prepar'd for their Encounter. They each drew a Piſtol, and coming up to one another Embrac'd, and then falling back ſome Paces, came fairly up to one another, Preſented, ſo that their Piſtoles near Touch'd, and fir'd ſo together that it can hardly be told which Piſtol went off firſt: but 'tis ſuppos'd that Mr. *Thornhill's* did, and wounding Sir *Cholmley* on the Breaſt near his Heart, which he inſtanly Drop'd.

There was a *Perſon* belonging to *Chelſea*-Hoſpital that ſtood and ſaw it; and likewiſe a Woman from the Houſes, who being very near when ſhe ſaw Sir *Cholmley Deering* fall, came running to him, and ak'd him if he was hurt; but finding him make no anſwer, and that he cou'd not ſpeak, ſhe run after Mr. *Thornhill*, and cry'd out, *Stop him, ſtop him; he has Murder'd a Gentleman*, and being an unweildy Perſon, he could not make his ſcape; ſo that when the Woman had ſeen him ſecur'd.

cur'd, came back to Sir *Chomley*, and rais'd his Head from the Ground; but he ſaid to her, *Good Woman let me lie down again, for I am not able to ſit up*: So that then ſhe ſat on the Ground, and took his Head in her Lap, where he lay till help came to fetch him away, carrying him to the next adjacent Houſe, where Surgeons were immediately fetch'd, and his Wounds Dreſt, but preſently found to be Mortal. As for ſaying Sir *Chomley* had no Piſtols, it was a Miſtake, for there was found two Brace of Piſtols loaded, and he had beſides loſe Balls in his Coat Pocket.

His Friend Mr. *Thornhill* being ſecur'd, was brought to him before he Dy'd, and he embrac'd and forgave him freely; who expreſt the greateſt Anguiſh imaginable to ſee him in that Condition, there being no hopes of ſaving his Life.

But above all, he deſir'd his Children might be fetch'd to him, and ſeem'd very impatient and uneaſie till they came; when with the utmoſt Sorrow of a dying Father, he Bleſſed and took his leave of them.

The next Care, and which indeed was the greateſt, was the Care of his Soul; deſiring to receive the *Sacrament* before he Died, which

which he had administered to him; and about Two a Clock expir'd,

He was a Person of a competent Estate in *Kent*, near *Wye*, and had likewise other Land in *Cornwal*. He serv'd his Country often in *P*arliament, and for the most part was a Member for *Saltash* in *Cornwal*; but his Interest prevailing in the last Election, being visibly supported by the L—— he vindicated, was chose Knight of the Shire for *Kent*, where he made his Election serve. He was a Man heartily in the Interest of his Country, and a Friend to the Church.

An ELEGY *on the Unfortunate Death of Sir* Chomley Deering, *Bar.*

WHat double Grief the Consequence attends,
Th' unhappy Fate of two such loving Friends?
What cause but Wine and Passion cou'd excite
Two Brothers to inexorable Spight?
That nothing cou'd their furious Rage allay,
Till they had vented it a Bloody Way.
Where Heav'n its Justice seems to vindicate,
In punishing their Madness at this Rate:
The Provocation which they justly gave,
Cou'd only such a sad Example have.
Yet *DEERING* to thy Death we pity owe,
Thou by thy Friend was Kill'd, not by thy Foe.

Oh

Oh ſudden Change! Oh ſad Viceſſitude!
How oft do's Fate our Earthly Hopes delude?
What is there ſure beneath the Firmament?
Or what is conſtant here to give content?
What Truſt is in the Mortal Life of Man?
Whoſe Life at moſt is but a meaſur'd Span.
But thine was ſhorten'd in thy Vig'rous Age,
By the moſt ſad Effects of blinded Rage,
Which neither Love nor Reaſon cou'd aſſwage.
Nor is thy Friend, with Life, leſs puniſh'd here,
Who ne'er can hold one Moment of it dear:
For if the Law in Favour ſhou'd it grant,
A quiet Conſcience he will always want;
Wretched on Earth he'll ſtill bewail his Friend,
And will that Life he ſaves in Mourning End.
A Sad Example may it be to all,
How Friends together into Paſſion fall.

The EPITAPH.

READer this Epitaph *with Grief attend,*
Here lies the Man that periſh'd by his Friend
He to no Enemy reſign'd his Breath,
But from his Boſom-Friend receiv'd his Death.
Of which, as all Men juſtly ſhou'd lament,
This ſtands to be a laſting Monument.

Licenſed according to Order.